

LITTLE FOLKS

Sidney's Adventure.

(By Sara Virginia Du Bois, in 'Christian Intelligencer').

She was only a wee maiden of three summers, but it was really surprising how much she knew and how wisely she could sometimes apply her knowledge. But when she heard them talking about a summer at the seashore, she did not say anything, but her busy little head was in a whirl of plans. 'I'll start first,' she told herself, 'and when they come they will find me there.'

She gathered about her the dolls she loved most, and talked to them in a very grown up fashion: 'You, Dorothy, cannot go,' she said. 'Your dress is not clean, and one arm is loose in its socket. Now, don't be grum and ugly about it, you can have a very pleasant time at home, if you will only think so. I heard Mamma tell Tom so.'

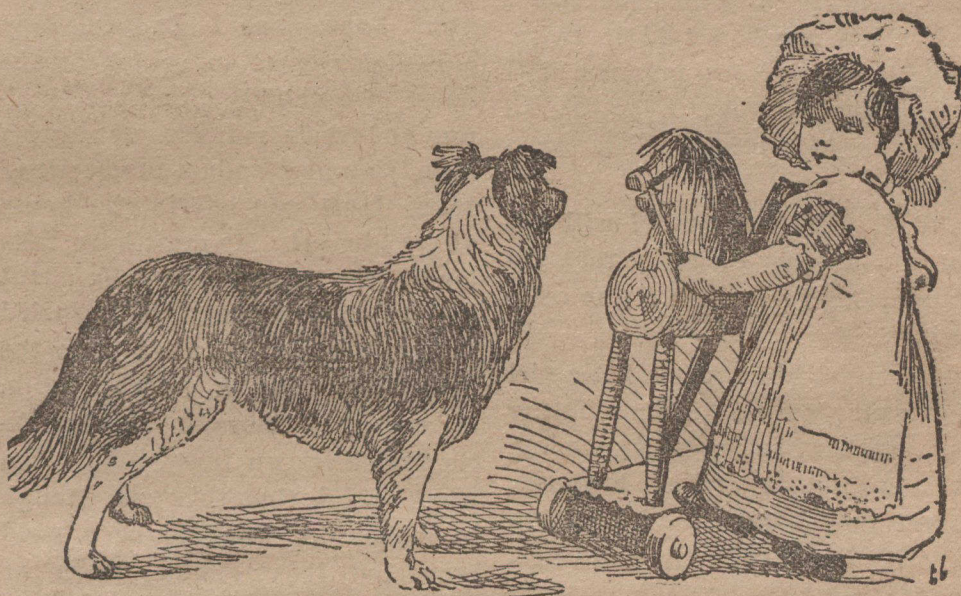
'Georgie is going to stay home with you,' she added a moment later.

'Now, dear Georgie, don't cry, little folks cannot always have their own way, it wouldn't be good for them.'

'Yes, Marie must go, she has been looking pale all the spring, ever since she had the mumps. Poor Marie, what a dreadful looking sight she was. Dorothy, you must lend her your knit shawl, and Georgie, we shall need that little hat of yours. You know Marie never had as many clothes as the rest of you. I shall take May along for company, she needs change of air; since the sun melted the wax from her nose she has looked miserable. Now, don't let me hear any complaining, I should like to take you all, but how could I do it?'

It did not take this wee maiden very long to get ready. She took the little straw hat with blue ribbon from the hall rack, threw her golf cape about her shoulders, not because she really needed it, she told herself, but then it might be cold before she reached home. Then she gathered up the two favored dolls and started out of the front door.

Whatever cook could have been about, we do not know; usually she kept track of the tiny footsteps, a



Rollo and Dobbin.

Rollo is a fine big dog, with long glossy hair, and father says he is a good one to look after the sheep. I am not a bit afraid of Rollo, and we used to have nice games together when father did not want him.

A week ago my cousins came from London, and they brought me

a nice wooden horse. I call him Dobbin. But sometimes, when I am playing with him, Rollo will come up and look at me as if he would like to say, 'How can you play with that wooden thing when you have me to play with?' And after all I love Rollo best, because he is alive, you know.

labor of love that caused her great enjoyment. And mother, busy in the sewing-room, thought the household pet was below, and industriously continued her task, with no thought of what was taking place below.

'Is Sidney with you, ma'am?' It was the cook calling up the back stairway.

Why, no, Nancy, she has not been here for an hour or more.'

'Nor has she been with me, ma'am, and I found the front door standing ajar.'

It would not be an easy thing to picture the consternation which followed.

'Oh, Nancy, she has taken her cape and hat, where can she be?'

'As likely as not she's off for the seashore, ma'am, she heard you talking it over at the breakfast table.'

'Nancy, how dreadful! Call Ned, we must go find her.'

'It's my opinion the dog's with her, since I can't find him either.'

'You go out towards Main street, and I'll cross the railroad tracks at Nicetown. And, Nancy, tell every policeman you see; she must be found.'

Little Sidney, upon starting out, took with her an additional mem-

ber of the family for which she had not bargained. Ned lifted his shaggy head upon seeing her don her street apparel, and if he could have spoken, he probably would have said something possibly like this: 'You ought not to go out alone, but if you must go, I mean to go with you.'

At any rate, when Sidney reached the street, Ned was there before her, and if any one had been watching the pair, they would have seen that at every crossing, or wherever there seemed to be any danger implied, Ned took a corner of Sidney's dress in his mouth, and crowded closer to her side. It was thus that he escorted her over the trolley tracks, and the network of railway tracks at Nicetown station.

It is difficult to say how the adventure might have ended, had not Sidney's mother overtaken them here, and with tears and laughter, clasped the wee maiden to her heart.

'Oh, my dearest one,' she cried, 'did you not know that this was very very wrong?'

The blue eyes filled with tears. 'I was only going there first, and surprise you, mamma,' she said.

'Well, you certainly have surprised me, dear, but must never, never do it again.'